



YOU  
KNOW  
WHO

---

JOHN CIARDI  
DRAWINGS BY  
EDWARD GOREY





# YOU KNOW WHO

*Someone I knew was very proud.  
But all he was proud of was—being LOUD.*

\*\*\*

*Someone about as big as a bump  
Sat down to breakfast all a-slump . . .*

\*\*\*

*Someone about  
As big as a mouse  
Runs in and out  
Of **this** house  
TOO MUCH!*

**I**f the child you have in mind is a perfect angel, then you would do better to pick out another book. This one is for children who bang doors, scrape knees, climb trees, and make muddy footprints on the clean kitchen floor. John Ciardi's zany and good-humored poems, perfectly illustrated by Edward Gorey, will reward young readers with plenty of giggles and grins.

**WITHDRAWN**



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2018 with funding from  
Kahle/Austin Foundation

<https://archive.org/details/youknowwho0000ciar>

YOU KNOW WHO

*By John Ciardi*

THE MONSTER DEN

THE KING WHO SAVED HIMSELF FROM BEING SAVED

YOU KNOW WHO

JOHN J. PLENTY AND FIDDLER DAN

YOU READ TO ME, I'LL READ TO YOU

THE MAN WHO SANG THE SILLIES

SCRAPPY THE PUP

THE REASON FOR THE PELICAN

I MET A MAN

SOMEONE COULD WIN A POLAR BEAR

THE WISH-TREE

FAST AND SLOW

MUMMY TOOK COOKING LESSONS & OTHER POEMS

# YOU KNOW WHO

---

JOHN CIARDI

DRAWINGS BY

**EDWARD GOREY**

**WORDSONG**



Middle Georgia Regional Library  
1180 Washington Avenue  
Macon, GA 31201-1790

Acknowledgment: "Calling All Cowboys" was originally published in *Ladies' Home Journal*

Copyright © 1964 by John Ciardi  
Copyright renewed 1991 by Judith H. Ciardi  
All rights reserved  
Published by Wordsong  
Boyds Mills Press, Inc.  
A Highlights Company  
910 Church Street  
Honesdale, Pennsylvania 18431  
Originally published by J.B. Lippincott Company

Publisher Cataloging-in-Publication Data  
Ciardi, John, 1916-1986.

You know who/by John Ciardi; drawings by Edward Gorey.  
64p. : ill. ; cm.

First published by J.B. Lippincott, Phila.  
Summary: A humorous collection of poetry.  
ISBN 1-878093-34-7

1. Children's poetry—American. [1. American poetry.] I. Gorey, Edward, 1925- , ill.  
II. Title.

811/.54—dc20

1991

LC Card Number 90-85903

Distributed by St. Martin's Press  
Printed in the United States of America



This book is for

DESRA SONNEK

Myra's good friend and mine, partly because of the way she used to giggle, and partly because she doesn't giggle quite that way any more (she is growing up), and mostly because watching her begin to grow up has been a happy thing.



## CONTENTS

POOR LITTLE FISH	9
CAN SOMEONE TELL ME WHY?	10
SOMEONE ASKED ME	12
GET UP OR YOU'LL BE LATE FOR SCHOOL, SILLY!	15
SOMEONE HAD A HELPING HAND	16
WHAT SOMEONE SAID WHEN HE WAS SPANKED ON THE DAY BEFORE HIS BIRTHDAY	18
SOMEONE SLOW	21
SOMEONE MADE ME PROUD OF YOU	22
AND OFF HE WENT JUST AS PROUD AS YOU PLEASE	24
IT <u>IS</u> TIME, YOU KNOW	27
IF YOU SHOULD FALL, DON'T FORGET THIS	28
IS THIS SOMEONE YOU KNOW?	30
THE GREAT NEWS	32
SOMEONE WAS UP IN THAT TREE	35
COME TO THINK OF IT	36
BUMP! BANG! BUMP!	38
CALLING ALL COWBOYS	41
PLEASE!	42
SOMEONE AT MY HOUSE SAID	45
A LOUD PROUD SOMEONE	46
WHAT SOMEONE TOLD ME ABOUT BOBBY LINK	48
PLEASE DON'T TELL HIM	51
SIT UP WHEN YOU SIT DOWN!	52
SOMEONE SHOWED ME THE RIGHT WAY TO RUN AWAY	54
SOMEONE LOST HIS HEAD AT BEDTIME BUT HE GOT IT BACK	56
PLEASE TELL THIS SOMEONE TO TAKE CARE	59
YOU KNOW WHO	62







## POOR LITTLE FISH

There was a fish who was born in a cup.  
He grew and he grew till he filled it up.

Then he sang all day, “Just look at *me!*  
A bigger fish you will not see!”

Poor little fish!—he took his cup  
To be a sea. When he filled it up

He shook with pride from head to tail.  
He *really* thought he was a whale!

—Is there anyone here who acts that way?  
I know someone, but I won’t say.

## CAN SOMEONE TELL ME WHY?

Someone under a chestnut tree  
Got a bump on the head and he blamed me.

Now he is cross and so am I.  
Is there anyone here who can tell me why?





## SOMEONE ASKED ME

What do you think a kite would do  
If someone cut its string in two  
When it was flying high in the sky?  
Would it go on flying? And if not, why?  
If it did stop flying, would it drop?  
How would it drop?

Flip . . .

Flip . . .

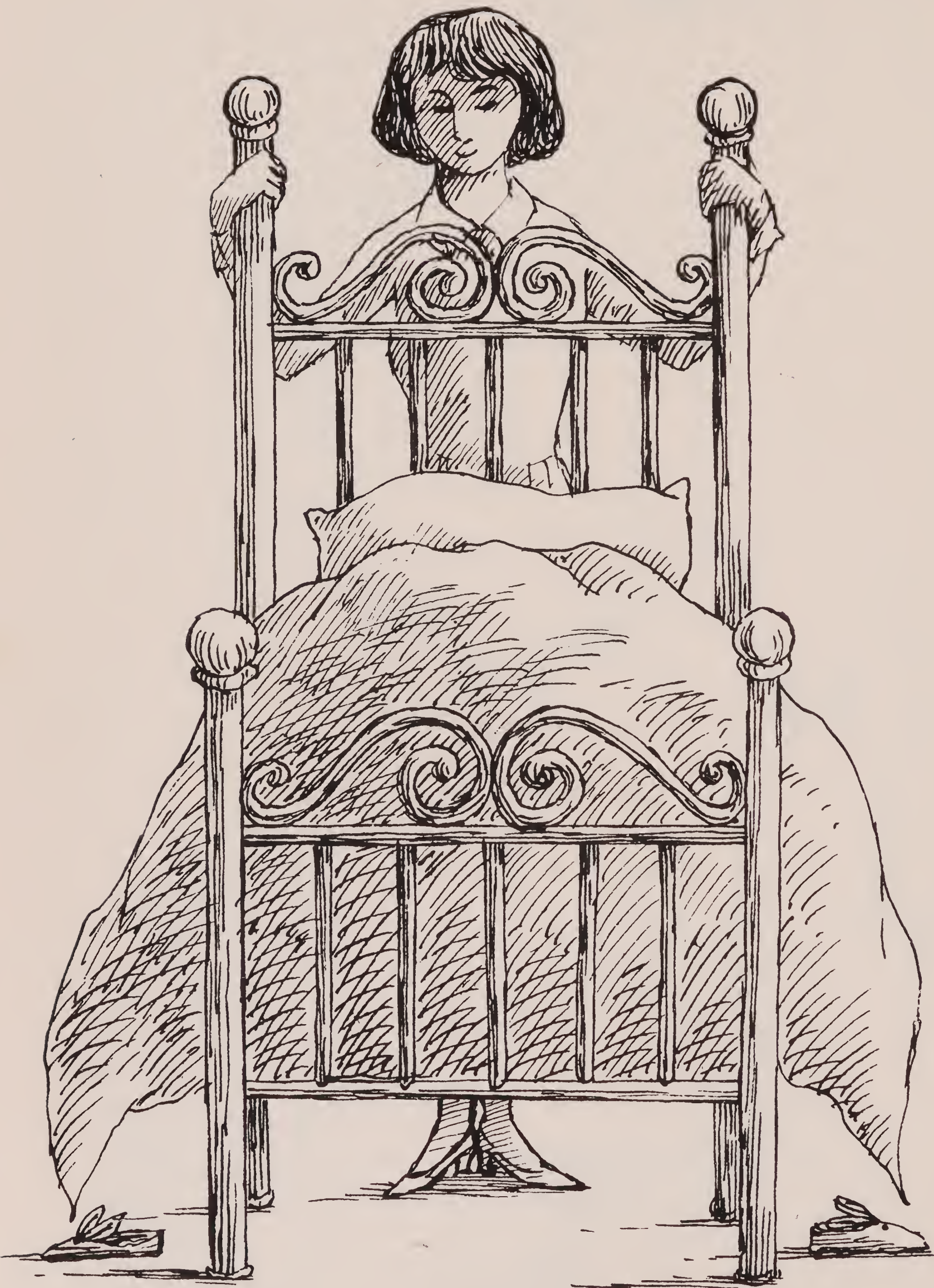
Flip . . .

FLOP!









## GET UP OR YOU'LL BE LATE FOR SCHOOL, SILLY!

Someone I know—and he's very near—  
Someone I know who lives right here,  
Someone I know with a pumpkin head,  
Someone right here in *this* bed,

Would like me to think he is sound asleep.  
Would like me to think he is far and deep  
With his nose in the pillow. Would like me to think  
I didn't see him—quick as a wink—

Duck back into bed as I came in.  
I saw him all right. I saw him grin.  
He is grinning right now. And how do I know?  
Maybe a grin-bird told me so.

Or it just may be that his grin has spread  
Around his face to the back of his head.  
Why, so it has! Oh dear! Oh dear!  
I've heard of grinning from ear to ear,

But never before have I ever found  
A grin that goes the whole way round  
The back of the neck. If he grins any more,  
His head will fall off and roll on the floor.

Well, if anyone *is* there in that bed,  
If anyone's home in that pumpkin head,  
And if whoever it is, is you—  
You had better get up!  
—Well! How do you do?



## SOMEONE HAD A HELPING HAND

Someone I know had a helping hand.  
He was helping himself to beat the band.

Yes, he was being a help to me:  
He was picking the pears out of my tree.

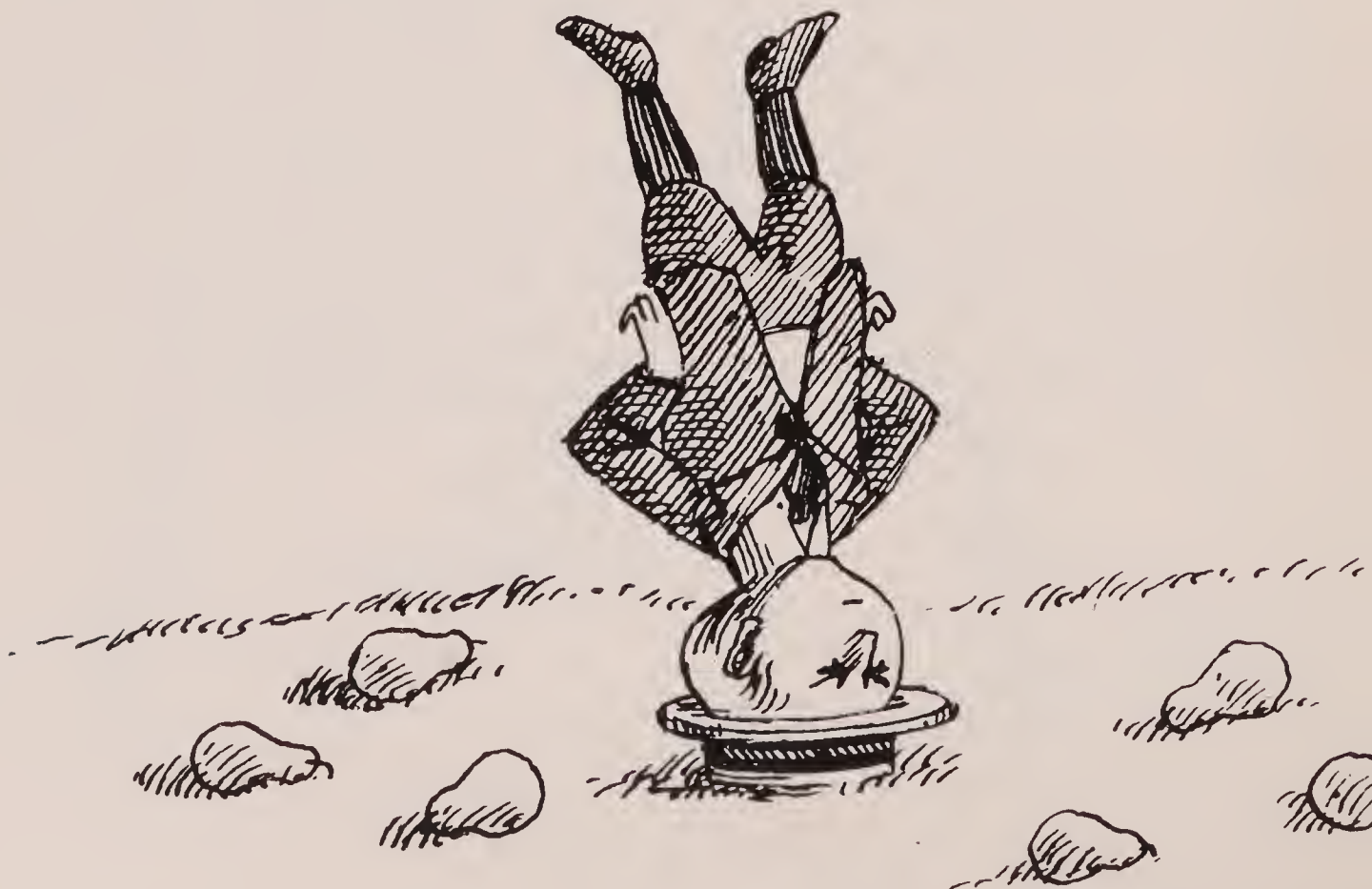
I wanted to help him do it up brown.  
So I took my saw and sawed it down.

He fell from the tree right onto his hat.  
“Now why,” he said, “did you do that?”

“That tree,” I told him, “was very tall.  
I was afraid, sir, you might fall.

“With your sack stuffed full of my pears—do you see?—  
I wanted to help you down from the tree.

“For helping me was so kind of you  
That it made me want to help you, too.”





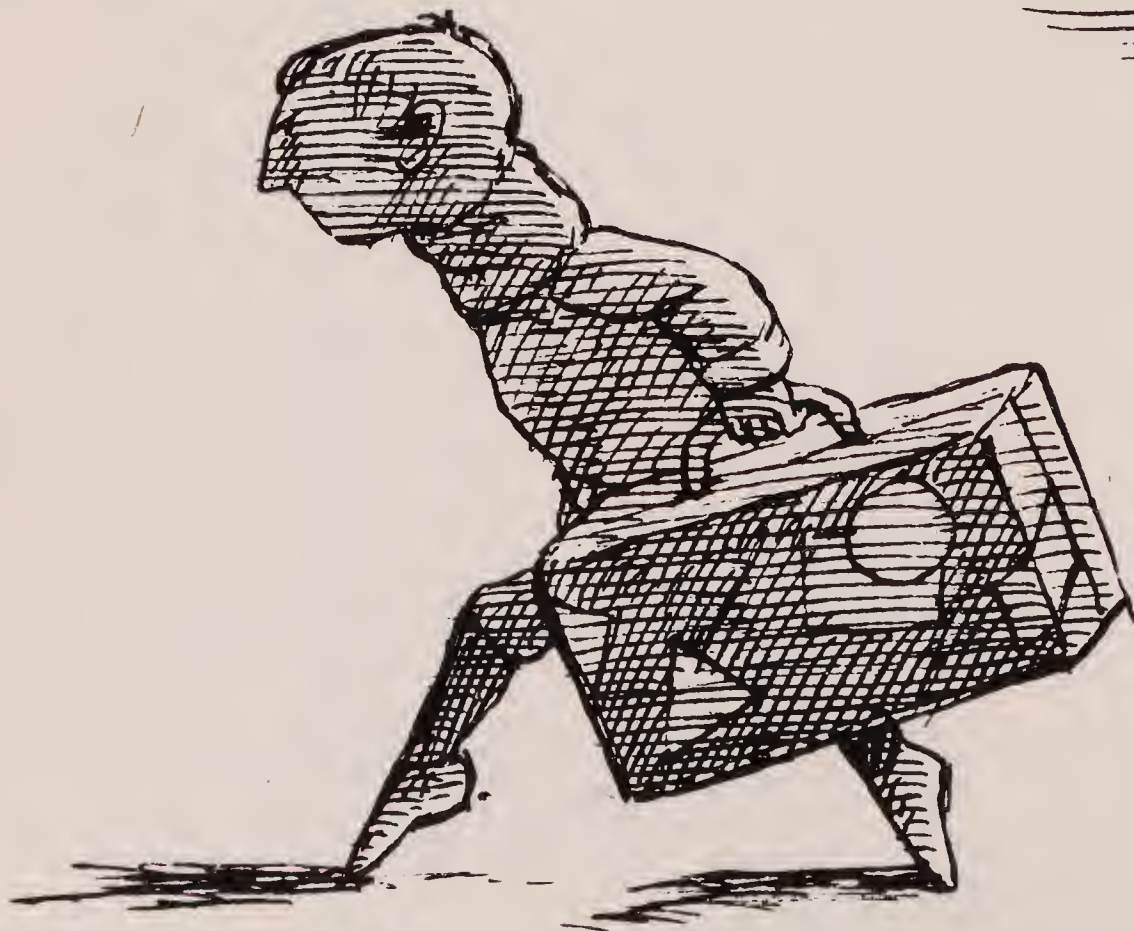


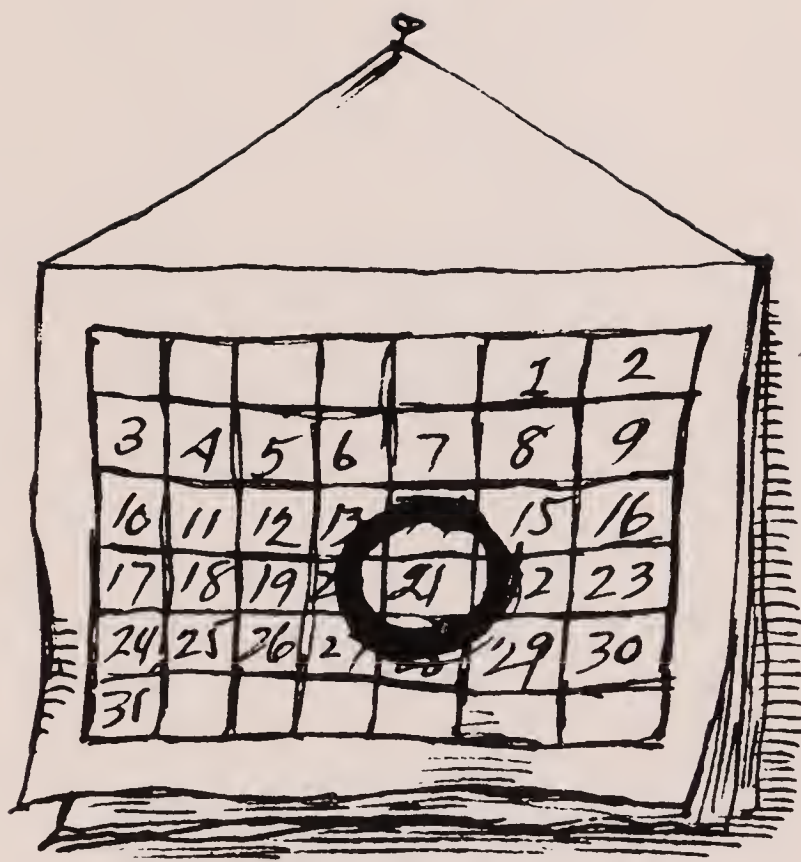
## WHAT SOMEONE SAID WHEN HE WAS SPANKED ON THE DAY BEFORE HIS BIRTHDAY

Some day  
I may  
Pack my bag and run away.  
Some day  
I may.  
—But not today.

Some night  
I might  
Slip away in the moonlight.  
I might.  
*Some* night.  
—But not tonight.

Some night.  
Some day.  
I might.  
I may.  
—But right now I think I'll stay.











## SOMEONE SLOW

I know someone who is so slow  
It takes him all day and all night to go  
From Sunday to Monday, and all week long  
To get back to Sunday. He never goes wrong.  
And he never stops. But oh, my dear,  
From birthday to birthday it takes him all year!  
And that's much too slow, as I know you know.  
One day I tried to tell him so.  
But all he would say was "tick" and "tock."

—Poor old slow GRANDFATHER CLOCK.



## SOMEONE MADE ME PROUD OF YOU

Someone—I forget just who—  
Said there's *nothing* you can't do.  
He said that you could tie your shoe,  
See the sky when it is blue,  
And count *all the way* to two!

My, but I was proud of you!  
I hope that all he said was true!

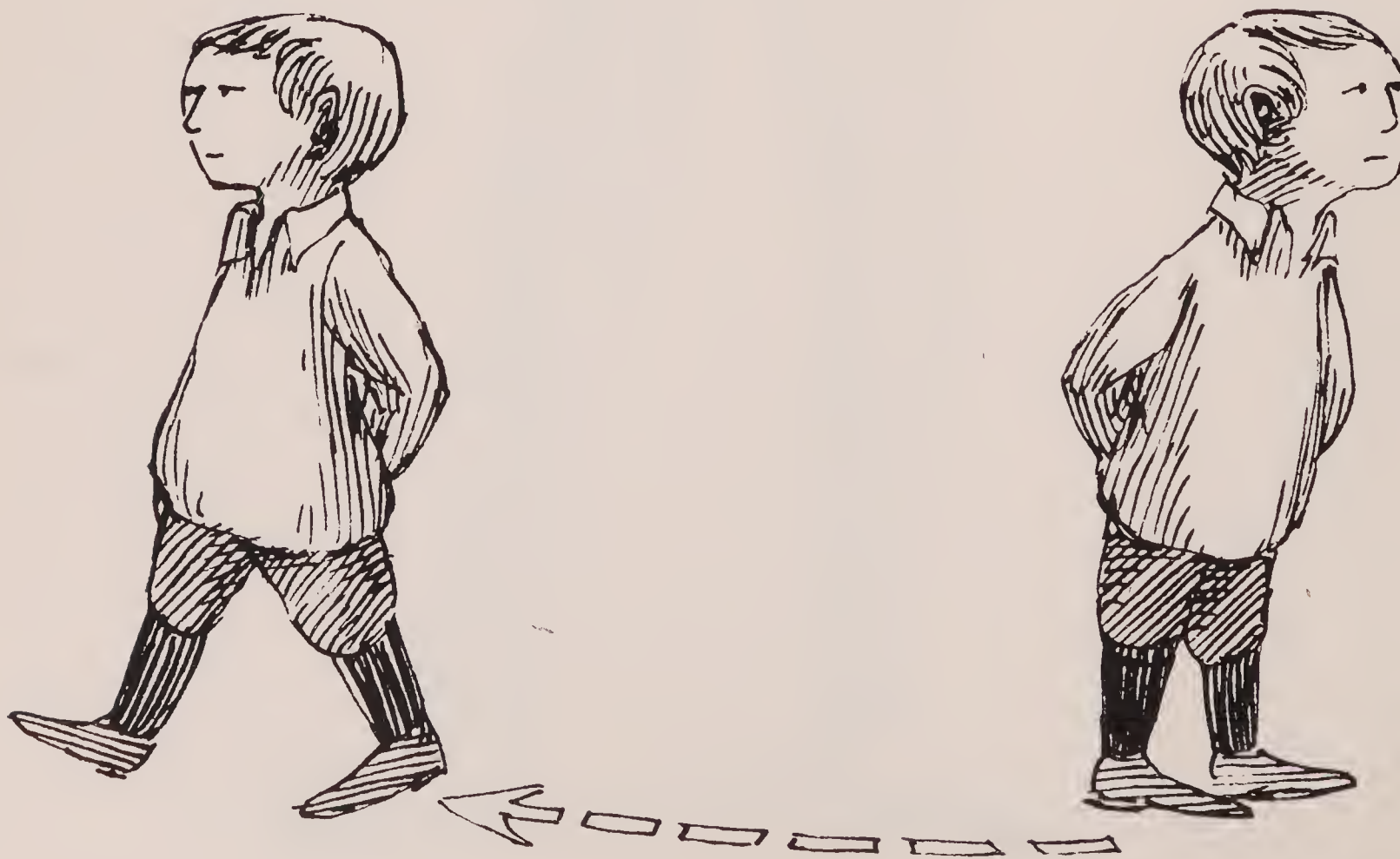


AND OFF HE WENT JUST AS PROUD  
AS YOU PLEASE

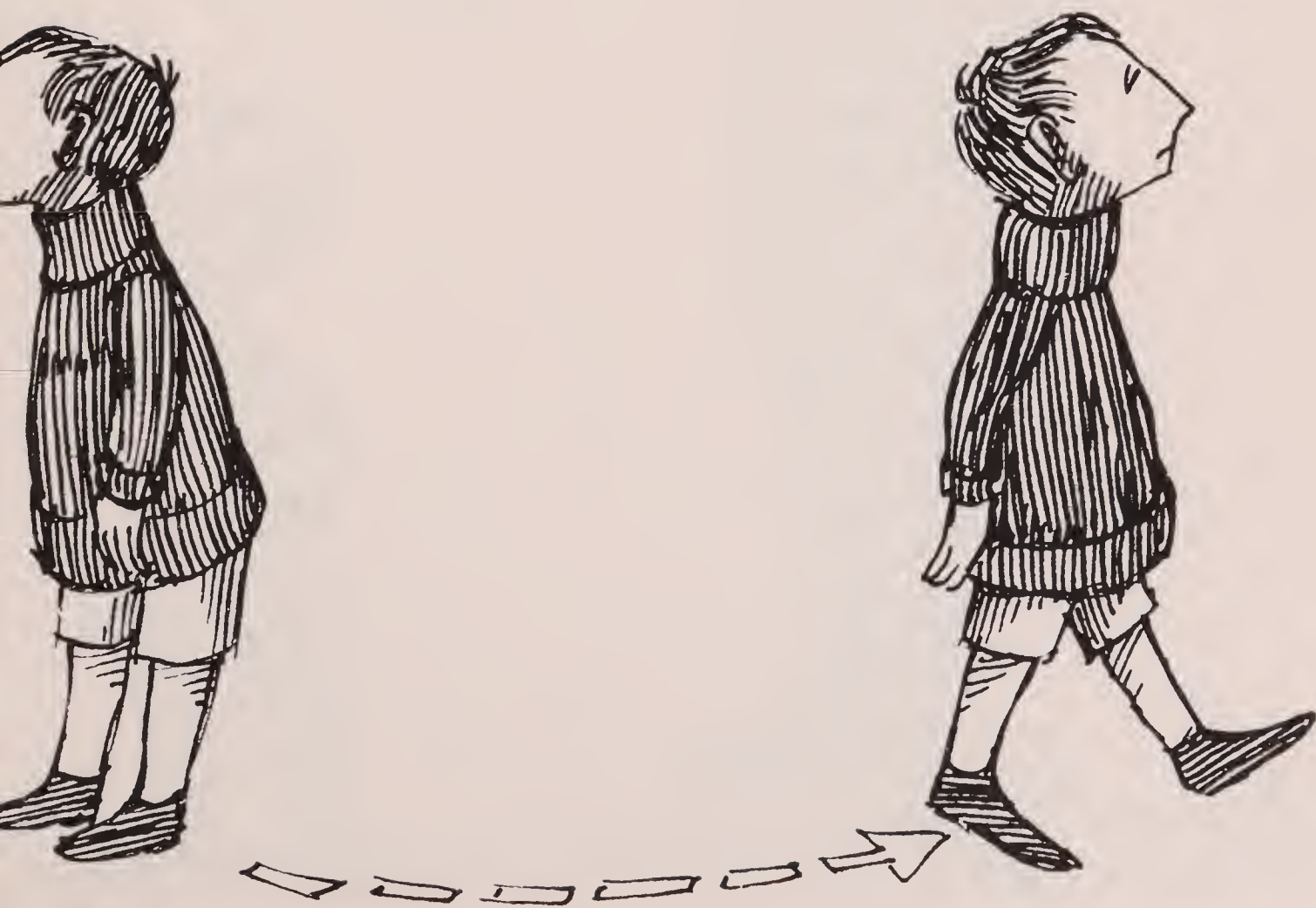
Said Billy to Willy,  
“You have a silly name!”  
Said Willy to Billy,  
“Our names are much the same.”

Said Billy to Willy,  
“That is not true.  
Your name is silly,  
Just like you.

“Your name’s a silly shame.  
My name is fine.  
For my name, my name,  
My name is *mine!*”









## IT IS TIME, YOU KNOW

Someone I met  
Downtown today  
Wants me to say—  
And I mustn't forget—

That someone here  
Has mud on his nose,  
And some on his toes,  
And some in one ear.

Yes, someone right here.  
Please scrub your toes.  
Please scrub your nose.  
Please scrub that ear.

—Did you do as I said?  
Toes, nose, and ear?  
Now can you hear?  
Good—go to bed!



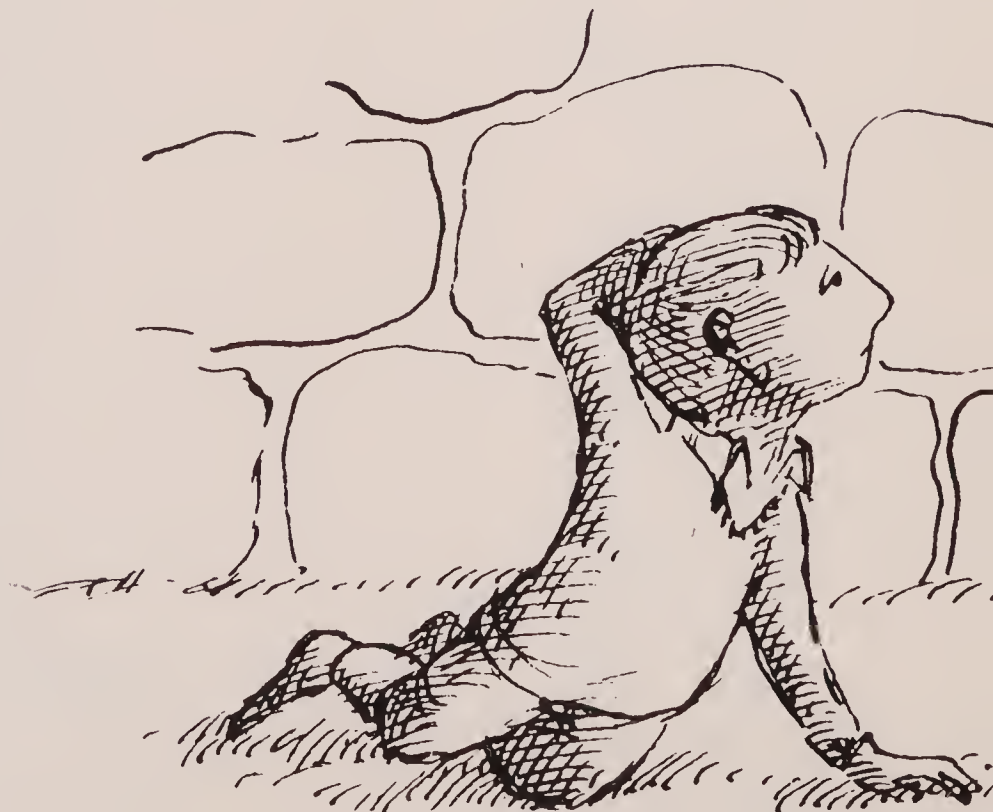
## IF YOU SHOULD FALL, DON'T FORGET THIS

Someone big and someone small  
Tripped and banged their heads on the wall.

Someone small got a little bump.  
But someone big got a great big lump!

There is one good thing about being small—  
You just don't have so far to fall.

And here's another—when you do,  
You have less to pick up. Now isn't that true?







## IS THIS SOMEONE YOU KNOW?

There was a boy who skinned his knees  
Jumping over his father's trees.

He took a run and he took a jump,  
And down he came with a skid and a bump.

The higher the trees the higher he jumped.  
And when he came down the harder he bumped.

The harder he bumped the longer the skid.  
But he jumped them all. He did, he did.

And every time he skinned his knees  
He jumped again—as proud as you please.

Till he tried one day to jump over the sky.  
But he

l  
a  
n  
d  
e  
d  
  
s  
o

*hard* it made him cry.



## THE GREAT NEWS

Someone heard the whole town saying  
How good it was going to be.  
Someone heard the band was playing  
“What a Great Day We Shall See!”

Down the street for blocks around  
Boys came running to find out.  
When I told them what I’d found,  
My, you should have heard them shout!

Someone from the *News* came by  
To find out if it was true.  
And away up in the sky  
Airplanes spelled it on the blue.

Someone called and said he heard  
It was going on TV!  
And I heard a little bird  
Sing about it in a tree!

When the town heard it was true,  
All the bells began to chime!  
They rang and rang the great news—YOU  
*Went to bed when it was time!*







## SOMEONE WAS UP IN THAT TREE

Someone up in a tree—*that* tree—  
Was shouting, “Hey! Just look at me!”

Why do I think he was being so loud?  
Why do I think he was acting so proud?  
Why was he shaking the tree for joy?  
Oh, just to prove he was a boy.

There is nothing as loud as a boy in a tree.  
There is nothing as proud as a boy in a tree.  
It must have been a boy—*some* boy.

It *could* have been an ape—that’s true.  
It *looked* like an ape. But somehow I knew  
It was just *part* ape—Was the other part you?

## COME TO THINK OF IT

I know someone who lives at the zoo.

Someone who looks a lot like you.

. . . No, not the monkey nor the kangaroo!

. . . But come to think of it, the monkey *might* do.

That's not what I had in mind, it's true . . .

But, yes, come to think of it, the monkey *would* do!





BUMP ! BANG ! BUMP !

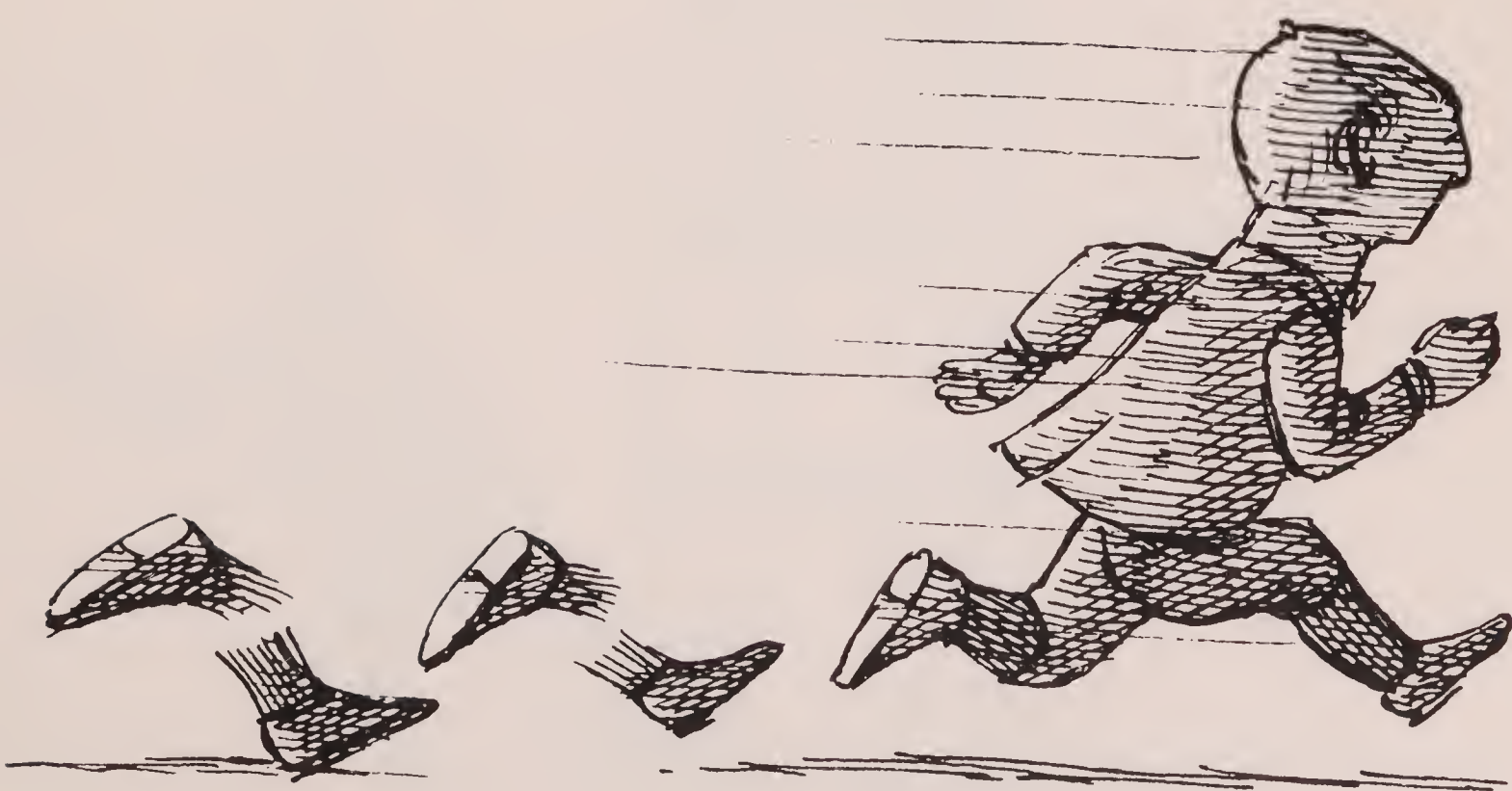
Someone—and I mean *you*, my sweet—  
Runs around here on just two feet.  
Just two, I know. But now and then  
He makes two feet sound more like ten!

I don't see how two feet can use—  
Not at one time—more than two shoes.  
Yet let those two shoes in the door  
To bump and bang across the floor  
And two shoes sound like a lot more.  
They sound, I'd say, like forty-four.

Two shoes on two feet—let me see:  
How many small boys should that be?  
Two feet—one boy. Right? But my word,  
He sounds to me more like a herd!

—If he keeps going on this way,  
I'll take him to the barn some day,  
And lock him up and feed him hay!











## CALLING ALL COWBOYS

Some of the cowboys I know best  
Have never punched a cow out West.  
Some don't have a cow to punch  
(But they can eat most of a cow for lunch.)

Some of the fastest guns I see  
Have never shot anyone on TV.  
They have no stars, they have no chaps,  
And all they have in their guns is caps.

Some of the bad-men I have met  
Have never been out-laws. Well, not yet.  
But I know one or two who *are*  
Wanted—for robbing the cookie jar.

And of them all, there is one I like  
Who keeps shooting the town up from his bike.  
He's a cowboy, a bad-man, and fast on the draw.  
And he's an out-late if not an out-law.

Don't get in his way. Or quick as a wink  
He'll go for his gun, and he'll shoot you, I think.  
But tell him I said there's a price on his head,  
And I'm out to get him. He's wanted—for bed!

PLEASE!

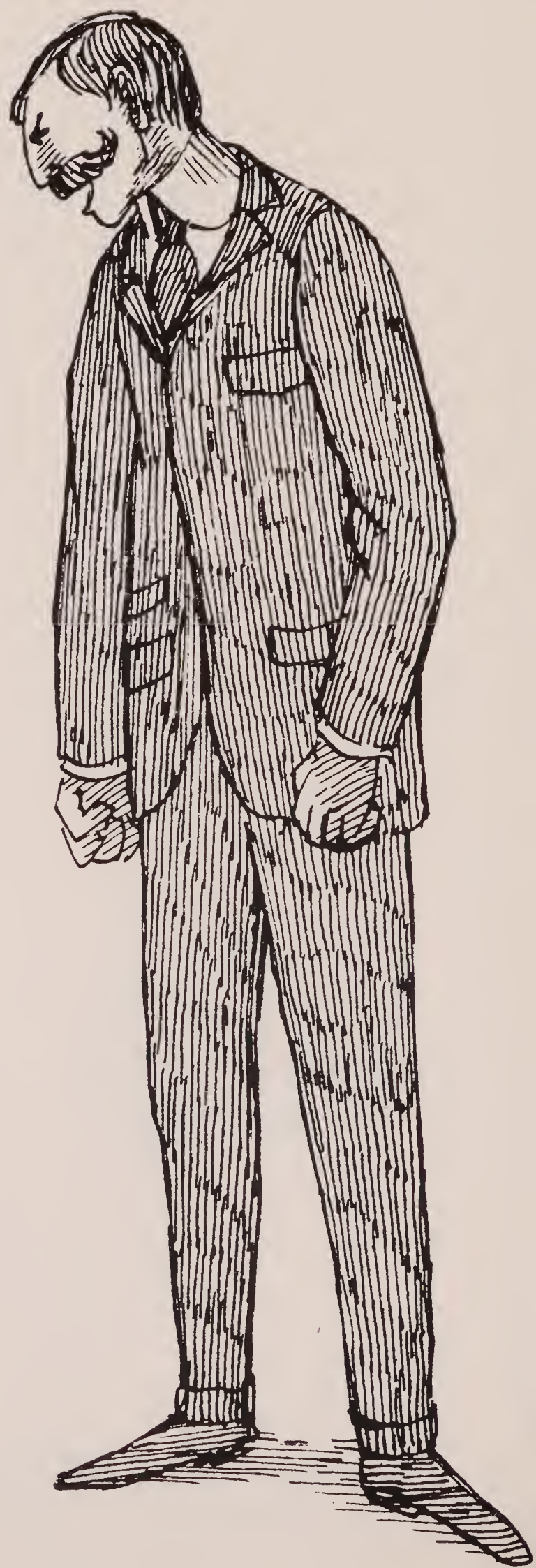
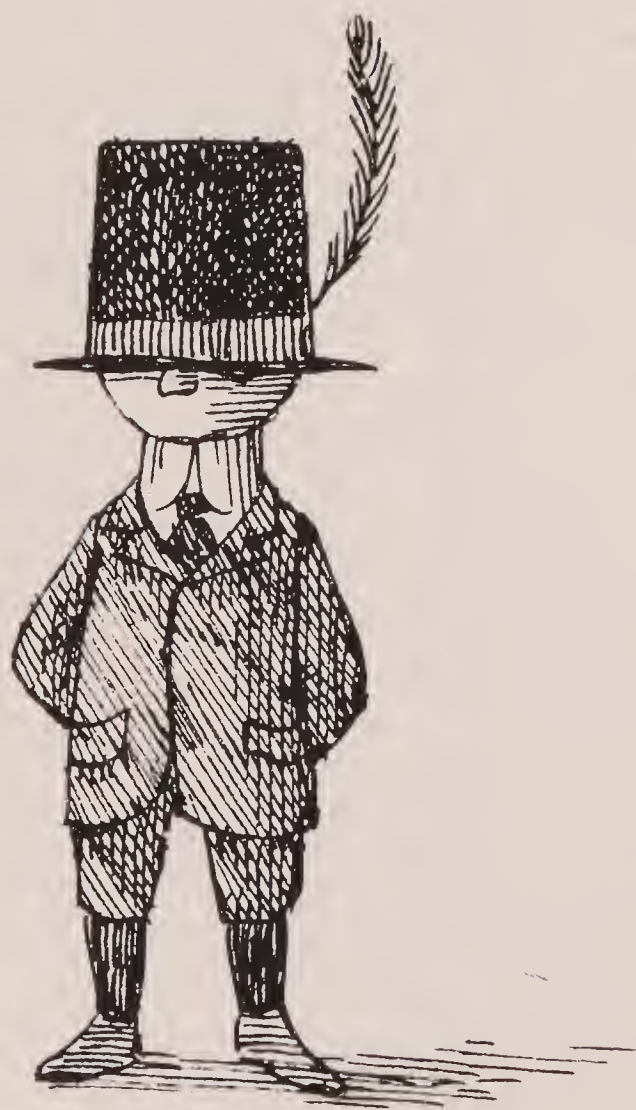
Someone about  
As big as a mouse  
Runs in and out  
Of *this* house  
TOO MUCH!

Someone about  
As loud as a yell,  
A bark, a shout,  
A drum, and a bell—  
CLANG! CLANG!

Yes, it might be you.  
It just *might* be.  
And if that's true,  
Take a tip from me—  
STOP IT!









## SOMEONE AT MY HOUSE SAID

“Those things you have on the sides of your head—  
One on this side, one on that—  
Are ears,” the man at my house said.  
“What good are ears? Well, if your hat  
Is a bit too big, your ears, you’ll find  
Can keep it from sliding down over your eyes  
And making you think you have gone blind.  
But if your hat is the right size,  
Then the very best thing to do with ears  
Is to hear what I have to say, my dears,”  
(The man who lives at my house said)  
“And what I am saying is—TIME FOR BED!”

## A LOUD PROUD SOMEONE

Someone I knew was very proud.  
But all he was proud of was—being LOUD.

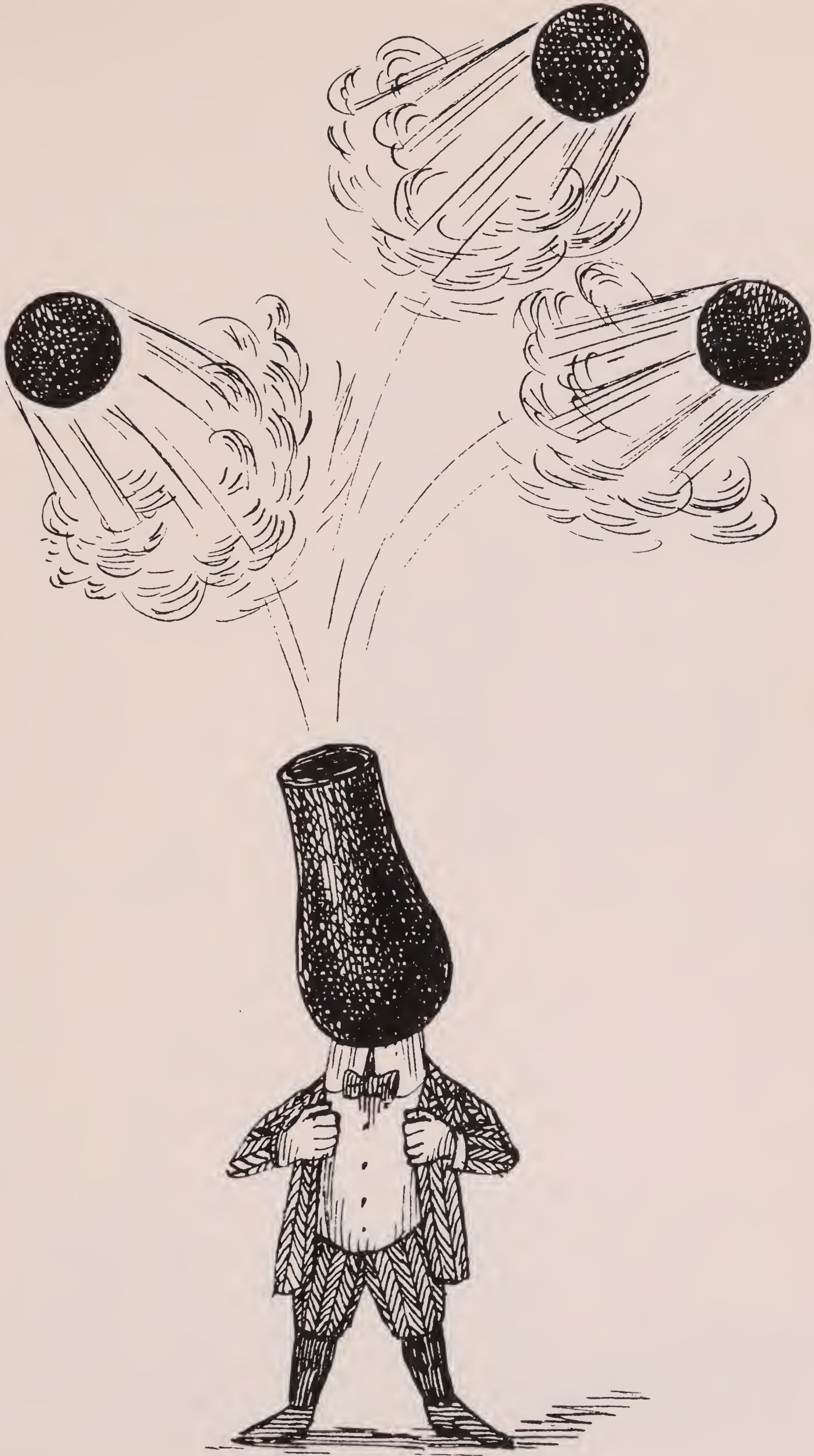
When he said “Hello” it went BOOM-BOOM-BOOM  
Like guns going off in a very small room.

He told me his name, but all I heard  
Was BOOM-BOOM-BOOM—not another word.

“BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM,” said he.  
“Well,” said I, “it seems to me  
This BOOM-BOOM game can be played by two,  
So a very fine BOOM-BOOM-BOOM to you!”

He shook my hand and he slapped my back  
So hard I think I heard something crack.  
And “BOOM-BOOM-BOOM,” I heard him say.  
And then—thank goodness—he went away,  
With his hat tipped back and his head up, proud  
Of nothing but being so BOOM-BOOM loud!

Well, let him be proud as he likes, I say.  
Just so long as he stays away!



## WHAT SOMEONE TOLD ME ABOUT BOBBY LINK

What do you think  
Of Bobby Link?  
He went for a swim with nothing to drink  
But iced tea, hot tea,  
Milk in a jug,  
Cherry pop, coffee,  
Beer in a mug,  
And a hat full of rain,  
And a cap full of snow.  
He was never seen again.  
And some who know  
Say he got so wet  
When he drank it all down  
That he isn't dry yet.  
—I hope he didn't drown.







## PLEASE DON'T TELL HIM

I know and you know and Billy knows, too.  
He knows what we know, and he knows that we do.

But does he know we know that he knows we know?  
If he doesn't know *that*—please, don't tell him so.



## SIT UP WHEN YOU SIT DOWN!

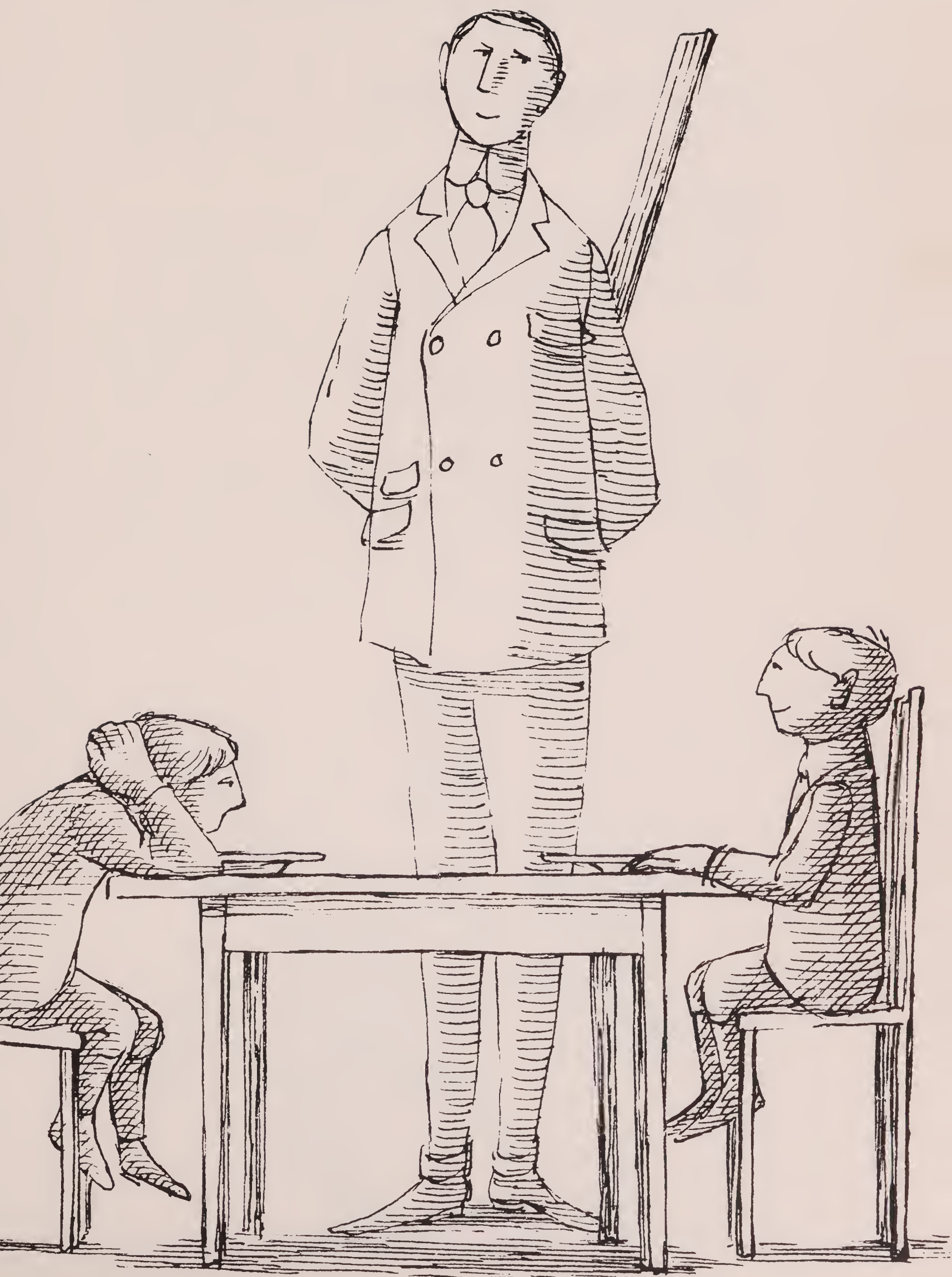
Someone about as big as a bump  
Sat down to breakfast all a-slump  
With his head in his hands and his chin in the plate.  
“Sit up!” I said. “Yes, you. Sit *straight!*  
Sit *up* I say!” I saw him frown.  
“Sit up,” I said, “when you sit down!”

He let out a *giggle*. He let out a roar.  
He almost rolled around on the floor.  
“How can I?” he said when he saw me frown,  
“How can I sit *up* when I sit *down?*”

Well, what could I do? It was getting late.  
And he hadn't eaten a thing from his plate.  
I had to show him. I had to be quick  
Or he'd miss school. So I got a stick . . .

And did I beat him? Goodness, no!  
He took one look and he seemed to know  
Just how to sit up when he sits down.  
And now he's the very best boy in town!





## SOMEONE SHOWED ME THE RIGHT WAY TO RUN AWAY

Someone fast and someone slow  
Ran away a year ago.

Someone fast—let's call him Jack—  
Ran so far he ran right back.  
He ran so fast that he ran away  
And got back home all in one day.

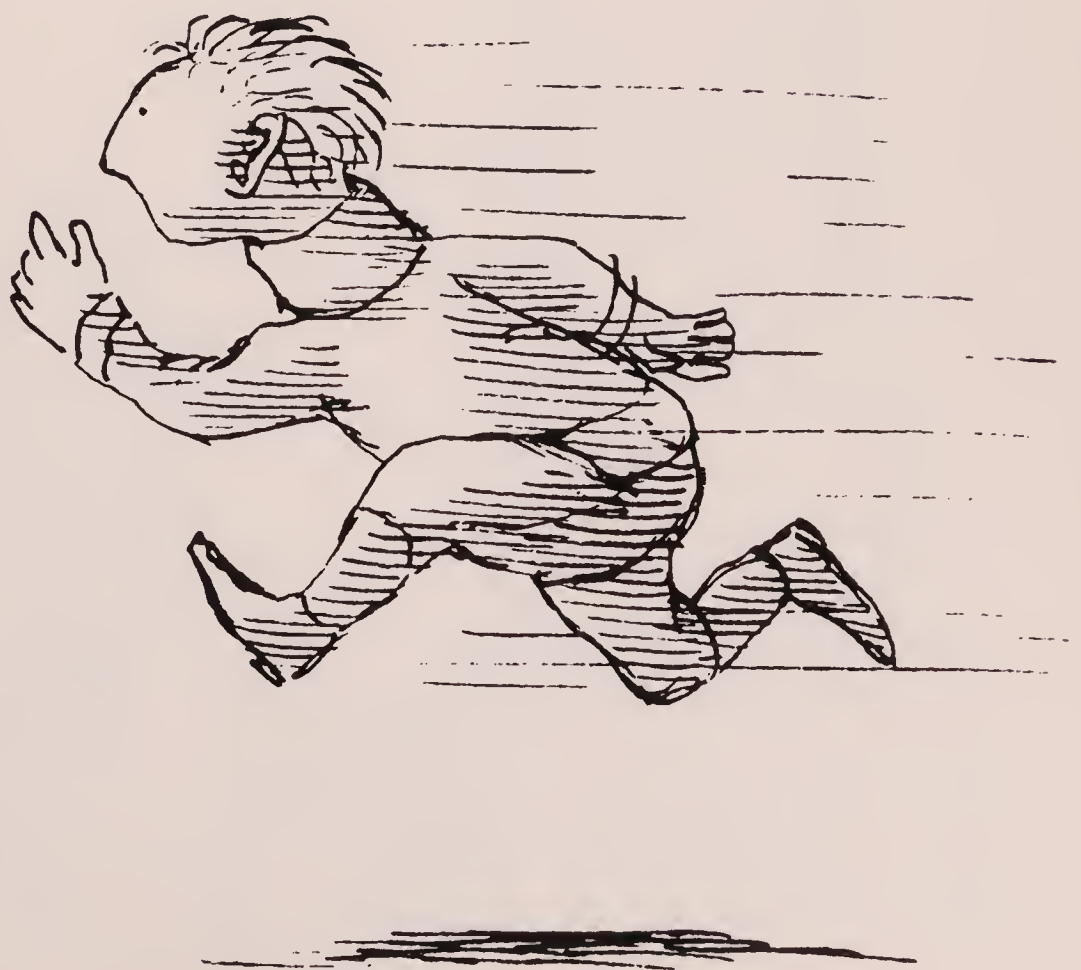
Someone slow—let's call him Joe—  
Ran and ran, but he was so slow  
He still had all of his going to go.  
He tried, he did—he ran on and on,  
But he was so slow he never got gone.



He ran for hours, and maybe more.  
But still he never got out the door.  
He ran and he ran and when at last  
He stopped—why, there came someone fast!  
And that one—yes, his name was Jack—  
Had run so far he had run right back!

So there they were—Slow-Joe, Fast-Jack—  
Back in the house in time for a snack  
And a game or two. And what I say  
Is: if you *have* to run away,  
Be like Jack or be like Joe.  
Be someone fast or someone slow.

Run so slow that you never go.  
Or run so fast that before you know  
You're even gone, you find you're back  
In time to have a little snack  
And play a game—like Joe, like Jack.



SOMEONE LOST HIS HEAD AT BEDTIME  
BUT HE GOT IT BACK

Someone said  
That someone I knew  
Had lost his head.  
If it was you  
He had in mind  
(And if it's true),  
I hope you find  
A new head soon.  
Most any kind—  
An old balloon  
Might have to do.  
Or maybe the moon  
(If you just knew  
How to reach for it.)  
Here's a pot of glue—  
Just put a bit  
On your neck bone—so.  
Don't throw a fit—  
It sticks, I know.  
But here's a mop  
That I think might grow  
Good hair on top  
If we stick it tight.  
(I think it might.  
*That* would be a sight.)

—OK, I'll stop.  
You may be right.  
Yes, that *could* be  
Your head. At night  
It's hard to see . . .  
Put on the light.





Well, goodness me!  
It's your head all right!  
And back on tight!  
That's a happy sight!  
Well then, sleep tight.  
Put out the light.  
And so good night.

Kiss you? I might.  
—There now. Good night.

One more? All right.  
—There now. Good night.

One more?  
GOOD NIGHT!



## PLEASE TELL THIS SOMEONE TO TAKE CARE

Someone I know—  
It might be you—  
Has a hole in his shoe.  
I can see his toe.  
It goes peek-a-boo  
In and out of his shoe.

Will you be so good  
As to look at *your* shoe?  
If it should be you—  
Just *if* it should—  
Will you tell me true  
What you mean to do  
About that shoe?

Whatever you do  
It seems to me  
You had best not go  
Out into the snow  
Or across the sea  
With that hole in your shoe,  
With that hole in your toe.  
A snow-fox might  
Just take a bite.  
Or a wave or two  
Might get into your shoe  
And drown a toe.

Or that hole in your toe  
Might grow and grow  
Till your big toe  
Fell right out through  
That hole in your shoe.







Then a little toe  
Might be next to go.  
To go right through  
That hole in your shoe.  
And before you know  
Just what to do,  
The next to go  
Might just be YOU!

Then what would we do?  
If we looked in your shoe  
And couldn't find you?  
If *no* one we knew  
Was in that shoe—  
Not so much as a toe?  
What would we do?  
What could we do?  
We could *think* about you  
As someone we knew—  
Or used to know—

We could wish that you  
Had mended your shoe,  
Had mended the toe.  
What more could we do?  
We might cry—that's so.  
But what good would *that* do?

Don't let it come true.  
Take care of your shoe  
Before you fall through.

Or—goodbye! boo-hoo!

## YOU KNOW WHO

You-know-who knows all there is.  
And just to prove it, listen to this:

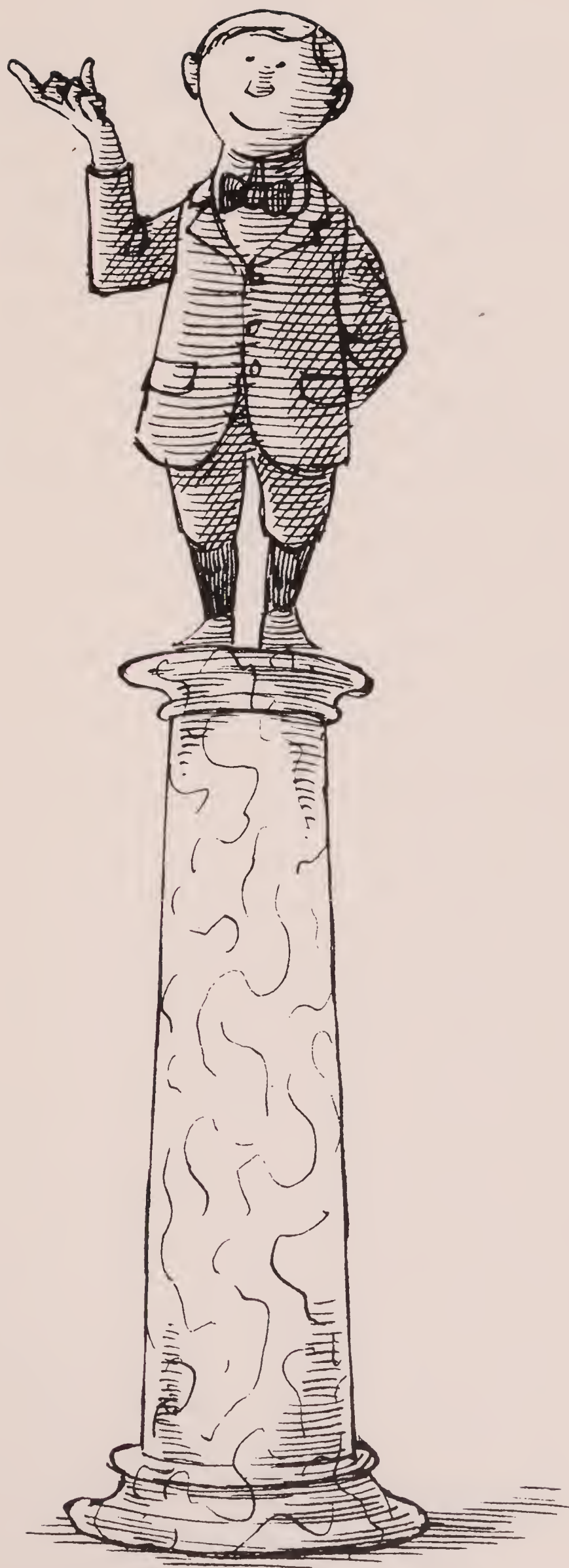
Some said to You-know-who,  
“Three times what is twenty-two?”

You-know-who said, “Tut, tut, tut.  
It’s three times nothing at all, that’s what!”

“But,” said someone, “as I recall,  
Three times nothing is nothing at all.

“And three times nothing-at-all won’t do,  
Unless nothing at all is twenty-two!”

“That’s just what I mean,” said You-know-who.









J

9559931

811.

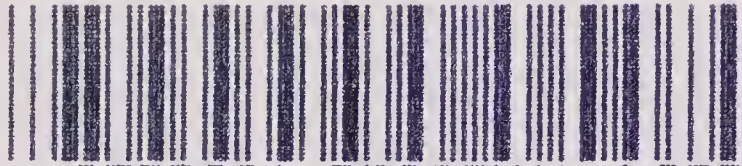
WB

1991

01

CIARDI JOHN

YOU KNOW WHO



MID. GEORGIA REGIONAL LIBRARY

**John Ciardi's** many books for children include **THE MAN WHO SANG THE SILLIES**, **THE MONSTER DEN**, and the perennial favorite **YOU READ TO ME, I'LL READ TO YOU**, all illustrated by Edward Gorey. In 1982 John Ciardi won the National Council of Teachers of English Award for Excellence in Poetry for Children. He died on Easter Sunday, 1986.

**Edward Gorey's** Gothic vision has won him a loyal following. He is the author-artist of a number of books, including **THE HAPLESS CHILD**, **THE GLORIOUS NOSEBLEED**, and the ever-popular **AMPHIGOREY**.

*Jacket illustration by Edward Gorey*

*Handtinting by Sharon Ortiz*

*Jacket designed by Abby Kagan*

Wordsong

Boyds Mills Press

910 Church Street

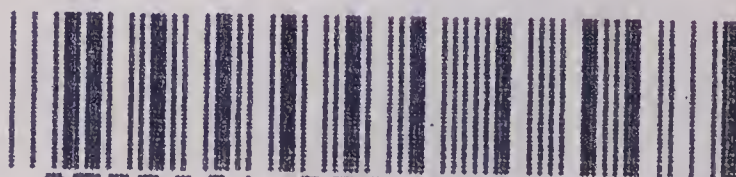
Honesdale, Pennsylvania 18431

*Distributed by St. Martin's Press*

*Printed in the United States of America*



J 811. WB 1991 9559931 01  
CIARDI JOHN  
YOU KNOW WHO



MID. GEORGIA REGIONAL LIBRARY